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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

DR. WALKER'S ELEVENTH LECTURE.

Dr. W. announced in the commencement, that Immortality would form the subject of this and the succeeding lecture.

Death is the greatest mystery. We do not mean, to *die*, but to *be dead*. We speak not of physical sensations, which to many seem more fearful than they really are. Dr. William Hunter,—who had stood at the bedside of many a dying friend, and beheld the last moments of many of his fellow-beings,—turned to a friend in his last moments, and said: 'Would that I were able, and I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die.' We are to speak now only of the state of mind at this interesting period, supposing the mental faculties to remain unimpaired. How do they feel? Does faith grow stronger or weaker, as the moment of dissolution approaches? As they advance beyond the portals of this life, we can hardly help believing that some light must dawn from the other world. The evidence of drowning persons who have been resuscitated, induces the belief that the mind is intensely active at such times, attaining results which it cannot reach at other times.

After all, the greatest mystery is the mystery of the grave. We know enough about *dying*, but what is it to *be dead*? Our friends, with their virtue and piety, who have gone from this world, where are they now? Their mortal struggles are over, and we say that they are dead, but what is it to be dead? In a few years, this struggle must pass over us. We are not preaching, but merely stating a fact, which no skeptic can deny or doubt. Death must come to all. How and where will it leave us?

Dr. W. began by setting before the audience, what he intended to call the 'atheists hope,' in an extract from Richter's dream.

'I was lying once on a summer evening in the sunshine; and fell asleep. Methought I awoke in the churchyard. The downrolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awoke me. In the emptied night-heaven I looked for the Sun; for I thought an eclipse was veiling him with the Moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swinging to and fro by invisible hands. On the walls flitted shadows which proceeded from no one, and other shadows stretched upward in the pale air. In the open coffins none now lay sleeping, but the children. Over the whole heaven hung, in large folds, a grey, sultry mist, which a giant shadow-like vapor was drawing down, nearer, closer and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of a boundless earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two interminable Dissonances which struggled with each other in it; endeavoring in vain to mingle in unison. At times a grey glimmer hovered along the windows, and under it the lead and iron fell down molten. The net of the mist, and the tottering earth brought me into that hideous temple; at the door of which, in two poison bushes, two glittering basilisks lay brooding. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the shadows were standing round the empty Altar; and in all, not the heart, but the breast quivered and pulsed. Above, on the church-dome, stood the dial-plate of *Eternity*, whereon no number appeared, and which was its own index; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it.

Now sank from aloft a noble, high form, with a look of ineffaceable sorrow, down to the Altar, and all the dead cried out, 'Christ! is there no God?' He answered, 'There is none!' The whole shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering, shook into pieces.

Christ continued: 'I went through the Worlds, I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of Heaven; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss and cried, 'Father, where art thou?' But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it, over the abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine *Eye*, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless *Eye-socket*; and Eternity lay upon Chaos, eating and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances; cry away the Shadows, for He is not!'

The pale grown shadows flitted away, as white vapor, which frost has formed, with the warm breath disappears; and all was void. O, then came, fearful for the heart, the dead children who had been awakened in the Church yard into the Temple, and cast themselves before the high Form on the Altar, and said, 'Jesus, have we no Father?' And he answered, with streaming tears, 'We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father!'

Then shrieked the Dissonances still louder—the quivering walls of the Temple parted asunder, and the Temple and the Children sank down, and the whole Earth and the Sun sunk after it, and the whole Universe sank with its immensity before me.'

For the credit of human nature, this belief never has been and never can be the faith of mankind. In all pagan nations the belief has been prevalent in a future state of existence, when something like retributive justice will be executed. We have nothing now to do with the forms which ancient mythology gave to the doctrine. Many believed them as true. Many looked on them only as symbolical or poetical explanations of what was true. Thucydides thus speaks of the Romans: 'Seeing death so near, they resolved to make the most of life while it lasted, and eagerly plunged into every species of profligacy.' But this was not different from the effect which followed in a Christian country, during the existence of the plague in London in 1665. At this period, men became so familiar with the form, that they banished all feelings against the terrors of death; and many indulged in vice and profligacy, although they were conscious, that death was at their door.

We have scarcely a single well-attested example, among the most barbarous tribes which modern travellers have visited, of belief which excluded the idea of a future state. The most savage tribes evince a longing and an aspiration after immortality. As this instinct, presentiment and longing is peculiar to man, all must admit that this prepares us to expect something peculiar in his destiny, and intimates what that peculiarity is.

No man can believe that his nature is contradictory to itself; and yet it must be, if its hopes and aspirations are not to be fulfilled. One instinct of his nature craves knowledge, and there is knowledge; he instinctively craves society, and there is society; one instinct craves virtue, and there is virtue. What shall we say then of this instinct and longing after immortality? While all other instincts are provided for and have their proper objects, can we believe that this, the highest and dearest of all, is given to amuse or mock us as an unreal dream?

We have seen that before reason has been fully called into action, this presentiment of immortality is developed in the human mind. When man becomes a thinking being, can understand and observe the events around him, when his hopes are all baffled, his confidence gone, everything begun, and nothing finished, and death at the door, then he begins to feel, that his whole being is an enigma of which he holds not the key. Few who have not been sometimes in this mood; still fewer they who, being in this mood, have dared to ask the Creator, why hast thou made me? and what signifies the part which I am to play here below?

If we wish to know the destiny of man, we must look first to his nature. The nature of every being determines its destiny. If all beings had the same nature, all would have the same destiny. We must know what a being is capable of becoming, and we shall then know its destiny. What a being is capable of becoming, he is made to become; else why was he endowed with such capacities? When a being has become, all that it was made to become, and all that it is capable of becoming in the healthy and legitimate action of its powers, then he has accomplished his destiny, and not before.

A tree grows up, comes to maturity, dies, decays, and exists no more forever. It has accomplished its destiny. So of animals. Take, for instance, the dog. In a few years, he becomes all that he is capable of becoming, he has developed his whole nature. He was not made for unlimited progress, and if he should live a thousand years, or a thousand lives, he could know no more. He has accomplished his destiny, he dies, and exists no more forever.

But is it so with man? Unlike the brute, he is endowed with capacities for unlimited progress, and these were *intended* for unlimited progress, or else his nature is contradictory to itself. In this life is developed but part of his power; we accordingly say, that the whole of man's destiny not being actually accomplished here, and as it is the unbroken law of the world that no being shall be annihilated until his whole destiny is accomplished, the conclusion is unavoidable, that he must live again.

But it is objected to this argument, that when men grow old, their mental faculties begin to fail. The simple answer to this must be, that men's faculties begin to fail, because they begin to die. The question is not whether man is capable of unlimited progress here, if he must sicken, grow old and die; but whether he would not be, if he was endowed with faculties capable of perennial growth, health and vigor. If man could live forever on earth, with faculties forever unimpaired, then could he fulfil his destiny here. But it is not so. When we see that every man can become wiser and better every day, adding so much not only to his growth, but to his power of growing more, and so on forever, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the grave was made for what must come to an end. But has the soul come to an end, when it is just beginning to unfold itself, and to understand its capacities to go on forever? If we should see a splendid palace in the process of erection, which was to be perfect in its splendor, magnificence and convenience; if we should behold only the first story completed, and the scaffolding still about it, should we believe that the plan of the architect had been fully carried out, and that the work must stop there? Certainly not. Yet such is human life. Everything is begun, nothing finished. Incompleteness is stamped on everything that he does. It is not so with any other being. Man alone feels and knows that has not completed his destiny; man alone has aspirations and longings after another life. Can we believe that these will all be quenched by death? Can we believe that the grave will exhaust and swallow up the undeveloped energies of the whole race?

Some dissenting minds think that we make too much of ourselves, when we talk in this strain. There is a characteristic peculiarity in the human mind, as regards affection, intelligence, and duty. Animals possess the social and the parental instinct, but only for an appointed and limited time. Some cherish their young with ardor and affection for a season, but as soon as they can take care of themselves, the mother drives them away. The affections of the brute creation die with the occasion which calls them forth. With man it is otherwise. He loves what is infinite, he loves truth, duty, good. His affection for his children and friends is as strong in death as in life; if it perishes then, it comes to a violent, and not to a natural end.

Let us compare the intelligence of man with that of the animals around him. Their knowledge is confined to facts, they can perceive what is true here and there. Man's knowledge alone ascends to principles, he can perceive what is true everywhere and eternally. His aspirations are unsatisfied here. He knows what this life is, and he looks upon it only as a preparation for a higher state of being, a life eternal. Does this mean nothing? Does it lead to nothing?

Above all, man has a conscience, which commands him to do right at any sacrifice, even the sacrifice of life itself. Now we say without hesitation, that he who is called to aid perfect virtue, is called to immortality. This unconditional law of duty which cannot be eradicated, unless the soul be inconsistent with itself, must awaken it to the conception of a higher judge, to the hope of a just distribution of rewards and punishments beyond the grave. What is it but this dread of something after death, which stays the hand of the murderer, and makes guilt forever a stranger to peace?

If so, then the argument is clear. It is no rhetorical flourish respecting the dignity of human nature. It is this real radical distinction and peculiarity of human nature, on which the natural expectation of another life is built. The soul itself contains the prophecy of its continued existence. It is the divinity stirring within us, that points to a hereafter, and intimates an eternity to man.

We may well pause, when we reflect that between our present condition and the fulfilment of our lofty hopes, stands the appalling spectre of death. What is death? It is the dissolution of the body, of the material organization, the means by which the *me* or *self* keeps up its communication with the present world. To break the shock which this event is likely to have upon the senses and the imagination, it is common to introduce changes analogous to death, and yet not destructive of being. But these analogies are not perfect. Thus the caterpillar is often mentioned in this connexion. But the caterpillar is not properly dead, when it is changing into a butterfly. The animal lives only one life, and does not attain to physical maturity, until it has become a butterfly. Then it dies, and exists no more forever.

Another analogy, of more importance is drawn from the amputation or destruction of certain limbs or organs, without the destruction of the living agent. Thus we may lose an eye, without losing the power of sight. We have lost only one of the instruments or organs of that power, while the *me*, the *self*, that used the organ, remains the same as before. In like manner, a man may lose an arm or a leg. But the materialist turns around and says: 'cut off his head, and then what will become of your *Me*?' Undoubtedly there are parts vital to the organization considered as a whole, but it does not follow, that these vital parts constitute the power, which moves, controls, and uses this organization. Take for an illustration, a mill turned by water-power. There are many unessential parts added to extend its operations, and render the whole more perfect and exact. Let these be taken away, and yet the mill will go. But break down the water-wheel and the whole will stop. What then? The water-power which drove the water-wheel, does that stop? No. The communication only between the two has been cut off, and the work necessarily stops. Just so it is with the brain. Destroy the brain, and you have cut off the communication between the *Me*, the *self*, and the organization; and the whole organization dies. In the case of the mill, what represented the *me*, was not the whole machine, or the water-wheel, but the water-power; and this will exist just as before, though the wheel stops, or the whole mill be broken in pieces and scattered to the four winds, or mouldered into dust.

But it is objected, that this is only an illustration, and the illustration is not the proof. This is true. Nevertheless, the illustration often prepares the way for the proof, and helps us to see more clearly what is to be the proof. Here we propose to show that this *me*, the *self*, the thinking and acting principle in man, is not the whole organization, the results of the organization, or any part of it; but that it is the *soul*, which moves, controls and uses the organization.

Let us consider first the physical part of the argument, which is considered the strong-hold of the materialists. Why do some men know more than others? 'Because they have a better brain,' say the materialists. 'We can also remark changes in the brain of the same individual; it is unfolded, enlarged, and decays, just as the mind is unfolded, enlarged, and decays. Let a fever shoot its fires through the brain, and the mind will be on fire; let a palsy touch it, and it touches the mind at the same time.' All such statements can be answered briefly and decisively. No one doubts that the brain is the organ by which the mind manifests itself. The manifestation depends on the state of the organ. The statement of the materialists is just as reconcilable with the theory which makes the brain the mere organ of the principle, as with that which makes it to be the principle itself. If this be true in both cases, it proves nothing with regard to the truth or falsity of either. All that can be said is, that a sympathy or correspondence exists between the brain and the mind whose organ it is. This can never disturb our faith in the immortality of the soul, and ought not to weigh the weight of a feather in this discussion. But we must not dismiss the physical view of the subject, without deriving from it a positive and substantial argument for immortality.

This view makes it clear, that this subtle agent in man, call it what we please, the *me*, the *self*, or the *mind*, is the same. It is not the organization, or the result of the organization, but a distinct existence. Having a distinct existence, it must have existed before the organization, and independently of it. Because it has existed without the body, and exists independently of it, we therefore conclude that it may live without it again. Some will object, that because it *may* exist, does not prove that it *will* exist again. We have not yet established the reasonableness of this divine hope, but have only removed the impression that death will destroy the soul, this thinking, acting principle in man. There is a something in man independent of his animal organization, which moves, controls and uses this organization; so that, though death dissolves this organization, it cannot destroy, impair, or even touch this principle. The objection then is taken away. The spectre death seems to be but life; a welcome messenger stationed between us and immortality.

We now pass from the physiologcal to the psychological proof of the immortality of the soul. What do we mean, when we use the words, *I*, *me*, *myself*; when we say, '*I* resolve,' 'he has insulted *me*,' 'I blame *myself*.' What do such words stand for? Do they stand for the *brain* alone? Do we mean that the *brain* 'resolves,' that the *brain* has 'been insulted,' that my *brain* 'blames itself.' Certainly not. Besides, we say *my* brain. What does *my* mean in this connection. Shall we believe that the personal pronoun stands for the whole organization? The common speech,—which generally holds the common sense,—implies something more, that there is within ourselves an independent principle which controls this organization. *I* think, not because I am *obliged* to think, but because I am *pleased* to think. The organization acts not of itself alone, but because it is *commanded* to act. Commanded by what? By this something which feels and acts, which owns and uses the organization, and which must be one and the same, in a sense in which no mortal organization is or can be. We know, think, resolve, meditate, and we cannot do these things, without a single agent acting in and through them all. 'I know,' said Dr. W., 'that I am the same man that I was twenty years ago, although every particle of my material body has been changed. My organization is the same. What is there in my organization which is able to know that it is the same? What is necessary to be explained is, not what makes personal identity, but what makes consciousness of personal identity. What can make me conscious of being the same person, but the absolute unity of the thinking principle?'

In all organizations, mechanical or natural, the power of the whole is made up of the powers of all the parts. The brain can be the thinking principle only on one of two conditions. Every particle must independently be capable of perfect thought, and then every atom would be a thinking principle; or every atom must be capable of a *portion* of thought, which is alike impossible, because thought is one and indivisible. The sentient, thinking principle in man exists independently of his organization. Therefore death which merely dissolves the organization, has no power over this principle, but to set it free.

Perhaps some will ask, in being eager to prove enough, have you not proved too much? Have you not proved that the sentient and thinking principle in brutes is immortal? There is this distinction between the brute mind and the human mind. The brute mind never appears to exist to itself even in this world. The brutes' existence is wholly confined to the outward and sensible life. What exists only in the sensible life must be exterminated by death. The only conscious existence it ever knew or can know is then at an end. The human mind, unlike that of the brutes, can fall back on itself even here, and live a life of its own even here, with which the life of the world and sense has nothing to do. To destroy this life of the world and sense, is all that death can do, and this is only one part of conscious existence. When this life is gone, the soul, no longer able to live with the body, lives to itself.

We have thus considered the evidences for the immortality of the soul, drawn from the nature and condition of man. Only let us think this life as preparatory to another, and we find no difficulty in accounting for the fact why God has placed us here. No parent thinks of completing the education of his children at one school, under the same teachers, and the same set of influences. He places them first in the primary school, and they learn what they can there. They pass from one school to another of a higher order, and so on up to the highest. This world is our primary school. We have no difficulty in conceiving that this is the best of all possible worlds for this purpose. We can all make progress here, and if we are faithful, the Master and Judge of all spirits will call us up to a higher and better world; and the portal of that world is DEATH. Over the soul of man, that ever-active principle which loves, hopes and aspires beyond this life, death has no power but to set it free. We go as far as we can go in this world, and then we die,—that we may go on further. We do not die that we may stop. We die that we may go on. T. G.

PROGRESS OF PEACE IN FRANCE.—SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN MORALS.

The Society, in General Assembly, met in the great Saloon of the Palace of the Fine Arts, placed at its disposal by the Minister of the Interior. A numerous assembly, composed of ladies and eminent personages belonging to the two Chambers and the magistracy, were present at the meeting.

At twelve o'clock, the President, the Marquis de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, supported by the members in office, and by the delegates of several national and foreign philanthropic societies, took the chair, and opened the sitting by the following address:—

'The Society of Christian Morals continues its good works. The General Secretary will render you an account of them. The zeal of its Committee has been unabated; you will hear the report of each. Competition for prizes on the highest religious and social questions, has been opened; you will learn their happy results.

'Formerly some of its members, amongst others two of the present ministry, M. Guizot, and M. Duchatel, proclaimed a competition against national antipathies. A great number of our fellow-citizens had not long since sought an asylum in different countries, and recollecting this verse of Scripture, 'Thou shall not abhor an Egyptian, because thou wast a stranger in his land;' they sought, therefore, by this competition, to efface in every mind that animosity between one people and another, which frequently leads to war, and which is so opposite to the religious sentiment of the love of our neighbor, which recognizes no limits either of situation or country. Therefore it was said at that time, that the Christian Morals Society had declared peace to the whole world.

'We now follow up this idea in associating ourselves with the English and American Peace Societies, and in treating, with the generous co operation of that of London, the high question of the maintenance of concord amongst nations, which is certainly the most important of our social theories; and if our desires on this subject are regarded as utopian, let it be remembered that Montesquieu, who was no visionary, expressed similar ideas when he said, that the princes of the earth, who form amongst themselves so many ephemeral and frequently useless conventions, ought at length to contract a pacific, durable alliance, which would be most favorable to the well-being of all nations.'

After this address, the Secretary, M. Charles Malo, gave a brief account of the Society's proceedings on the subject of peace, and was followed by a report from M. Villenave, Vice-President, in reference to the Prize Essay for securing universal and permanent peace.

'It is to France, and the most popular of her kings, Henry the fourth, that belongs in modern times, the first idea of a project of universal and permanent peace; and what deserves to be remarked is, that England received, before any other power, the communication of this vast and generous design, on which the negotiation at first was secretly begun. Henry sent his project of universal peace to Elizabeth, writing to her, 'It is an enterprise more heavenly than human.'

Henry and Elizabeth were the greatest monarchs of their time. Elizabeth died, and the negotiation continued with James the first, her successor. In 1603, Sully took two voyages to England. Overtures were made to Sweden, to the princes of Germany and Italy. But Henry the Great, who wished for universal peace, fell by the hand of an assassin. Thus vanished the 'plan of the Christian republic,' which was the remarkable title of the first project of universal peace, conceived in France by an illustrious warrior, and *that* was to recognize that peace is a precept of the gospel.

It is after the long calamities of war that the theory of universal peace oppresses and works upon the mind. It was after an age of devastation by arms, that the bravest and the best of kings wished to establish universal peace. It was after another age of European trouble by the wars of Louis the fourteenth, that the Abbe de Saint Pierre published, under the wise ministry of Cardinal de Fleury, his famous 'Project of Perpetual Peace,' (in three vols. 12mo.) in which he advances, that the plan of an European permanent Diet, which he proposes, had been approved, and even in part drawn up by the Duke of Burgundy, the pupil of Fenelon. It was after the disastrous Seven Years' War, a year before the peace of 1763, that J. J. Rousseau printed his analysis of the project of the Abbe de Saint Pierre. And lastly, it is after the wars of revolution and the empire, that the societies of peace have been formed in North America, London, and Geneva, and that the Christian Morals Society, which by its very title is a Peace Society, has established in its bosom a committee, entrusted with the same honorable object of promoting the establishment of permanent peace, founded on a holy appreciation of the precepts of heaven, the common want of nations and kings, and all the best interests of the world.

The people of England, who, like all other civilized nations, have need of peace for their industry and commerce, which contains numerous friends of religion and humanity, have seen with joy, upwards of twenty-five years ago, the formation in London of a Peace Society. This Society wished to affiliate itself with ours, and presenting us with its numerous useful publications, and sending to Paris one of its most worthy members, M. Rigaud, descended from a French family, and now become our colleague, invited us to establish in France, the most brilliant focus of military glory, and under the very shade of immortal laurels, a competition for a prize on the blessing of peace.

The examination of the question of universal and permanent peace, and the means of securing it without the assistance of arms, is the most important, as it is the most difficult that can be proposed to the contemplation of the mind of the wise, of Christians, philosophers, and statesmen.

Whatever be the solution, more or less distant, I will not say of what has been called 'the dream of the good Abbe de Saint Pierre,' but of the greatest problem which can possibly be examined, this competition will be renowned; for it is the first time that the question has ever been put in France, by a society at once learned, religious, and philanthropic; and the era in which it is publicly proposed for examination, seems to announce a great social progress. It is a giant step in the career of the human mind.—*Advocate of Peace.*

In a sermon recently published, entitled hints on Evangelism, Rev. Dr. Sharp thus speaks of it.

Should occasion call for it, he will show *who*, and *what* modern Evangelists are. He will show the unavoidably deleterious influence of the system of Evangelism as now pursued, on the Evangelists themselves.—He will show, that the position and functions which they claim, and are allowed to exercise, tend to make them arrogant, despotic, vituperative, mercenary, and reckless in hastening multitudes into the churches; since they do not share the responsibilities of a Pastor, who is to abide the good or bad effects of such an indiscriminate increase. He will also show that Evangelists although good men, are under strong temptations to pursue an eccentric, and extravagant course; which, as it excites curiosity, attracts crowds; but is sure ultimately to bring the Christian ministry and the Christian religion into utter contempt; and that none but a heartless, coarse-minded, self-seeking man, would force himself on a minister who did not desire his services. He will also show the indelicacy and unkindness of any church in *virtually* forcing an Evangelist upon a Pastor, because the former happens to have some striking peculiarities. He will show, that it is a practical declaration, 'we would employ a person that can do your work better than you can yourself;' that it is an encroachment on the office of a Pastor: and that no minister who clearly understands his own duties, or possesses a proper self-respect ought to submit to it; and that whether intended or not by the churches, the effect of employing such helpers is to degrade their Pastors; to fill them with discouraging fears; to paralyze their efforts; to destroy the mutual confidence and respect which ought to subsist between them and their people, to unsettle, and render fluctuating and undesirable that connexion which, next to the marriage relation, should be considered sacred and inviolable.

And he can, and will make it appear, should it seem necessary, that this system of Evangelism is not less alarming, in that it will deter pious men, of good talents, sound learning and decent worldly prospects, from becoming ministers in our denomination; that, if this system continues to be patronized, a class of men, disqualified by mental imbecility for any other profession, and by idleness for any mechanical employment, will be found in the ministerial office, who will be ready to play a first, second, or third part, as their patrons may design to assign them, rather than not obtain an easy although it be a vagrant support.

And should the crisis call for it, your Pastor will show the pernicious effects of modern Evangelism on the moral and religious character of the churches. He will not find it difficult to convince you that mere religious excitement will be, deemed every thing; and the developement of a beautiful religious character will be considered nothing; that additions to the churches will be substituted for conversions; and evanescent emotions for a scriptural faith and perseverance in well doing, —whilst disunion, disorganization and apostacy, will take the place of that union harmony, and well-established belief, which were once the glory and strength of our churches.

Further on, in speaking of the elements of a church's prosperity he says:

And allow me to say to you, my friends, that the best cure for strife is the suppression of vain glory. Self-glorification, and self-seeking, are the real causes of almost all the evil speaking and contentions which occur among Christians. Hence, the apostles says; 'Let nothing be done through vain glory.' Vanity is that busy, universal sin that taints our best offerings and spoils our best services. It swells us up with self-consequence; while it provokes in others towards us a feeling of ridicule and contempt. It causes us to magnify our own actions, and excites others to speak diminutively of them. Hence it is the cruel cause of strife; an evil which would scarcely exist in Christian societies, were it not for a vain glorious spirit. Whenever therefore this weakness disturbs you, endeavor to suppress it. Think less of the praise of men, and more of the approbation of God. And, my hearers, what is man's praise? Why the very people who would worship you to-day, may be ready to crucify you to-morrow. Nothing but 'a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards men,' can sustain you under the mutations of human friendship, and the wanton aspersions of those who once seemed ready to die for you. Believe me, there is not a more unsatisfactory vanity, than vain glory. I have seen men who have spent years, in *seeking*,—not in endeavoring to deserve applause. They have seemed to agree with every one. Although public men; they have never assumed responsibility on any question. But after others have stood in the breach, and have suffered in the defence of truth and order, and the battle has been won, then they have been there to testify they were always on the same side with those who had adhered to principles through evil report and good report. Vain pretence. The veil has been too thin. Ever bear in mind, my friends, the abmired motto of one of our benevolent associations in this city—'Be just and fear not.' And remember, that a man should always seem to be what he is, and always be what he seems. Vain glorious persons always have been disappointed from the beginning of the world, and will be to the end of it.

Nothing will more effectually conduce to your harmony and strength and consequent prosperity, than a just and modest estimate of your own attainments. 'In lowliness of mind,' says the apostle, 'let each esteem other better than themselves., We are not indeed, to form an estimate either of ourselves or others, contrary to truth. There is no humility in this. We are simply required to form a sober estimate of our own abilities, character and position, and a kind and favorable judgment of the claims of others to our consideration and respect. We should be more ready to manifest our regard and esteem for the most humble, than to demand it for ourselves. The learned are not to honor the ignorant as more learned than themselves; nor are the liberal to speak of a covetous man as being more liberal than themselves; nor is an aged Christian to manifest that respect and deference for a child, which is always due to the aged. The Gospel nowhere inculcates insincerity or pretence, under the guise of kindness. It everywhere enjoins courtesy, and sweetness and gentleness of manners; but these are always to proceed from sincerity as well as from benevolence. The exhortation, therefore, to esteem others better than ourselves, simply means that we should by an humble demeanor readily and cheerfully acknowledge the superiority of those who are above us in station or office, or who excel us in piety, in talents and general reputation; and that whatever may be our own eminence, we should avoid all unbecoming airs, and should treat the most obscure individuals with unaffected kindness; never forgetting, that a consistent Christian character, is always entitled to higher esteem, than mere talents or the splendor of outward circumstances.

You can easily perceive that the cultivation of this genuine good will and unpretending humility, would greatly conduce to our increase and religious prosperity. If every one sought and found his just place, and was willing that every other should do the same, giving honor to whom honor is due, 'and owing no man any thing, but to love one another,' a Christian congregation would present a moral spectacle that could not fail to be attractive.

PEACE MEETING IN THE CAPITOL.

On Wednesday evening, the 8th inst. the American Peace Society held in the Hall of the Representatives, a public meeting for the discussion of subjects relative to the cause of peace. In the absence of the President, Robert Rantoul, Esq. of Beverly, was called to the chair, and the following resolutions, prepared by a committee of arrangements, were presented by G. C. Beckwith.

1. *Resolved*, That war, as a method for the settlement of national difficulties, is an unchristian and inefficient system, and ought to be discontinued by all civilized communities.

2 *Resolved*, That preparations for war, so far from checking this evil, occasion far more wars than they prevent, and are the chief means of continuing the custom.

3. *Resolved*, That the recent adjustment of our difficulties with England, which had baffled the efforts of more than half a century, evinces a most auspicious change in public opinion, and illustrates the possi-

bility of settling all national disputes by better means than the sword.

4. *Resolved*, That the general peace of Christendom for nearly thirty years, longer than had been known before since the commencement of the Christian era, is owing mainly to the efforts and influences which together constitute the cause of peace; and such success from the small amount of means hitherto used, calls for devout gratitude to God of peace, and strongly encourages a large increase of exertions in behalf of this great philanthropic enterprise.

5. *Resolved*, That peace, as a pioneer or auxiliary to all efforts for the good of mankind, deserves the support especially of those who are embarked in other enterprises of benevolence and reform.

6. *Resolved*, That, since the cause of universal and permanent peace will require concert among nations, we hail with satisfaction and hope the proposal for a General Conference on the subject in London next June.

7. *Resolved*, That, relying for ultimate success mainly on the education of the young in the pacific principles of the gospel, we believe it the duty of all preachers, of all parents, and of teachers in all our seminaries of learning, to combine their efforts in training up such a generation of peace-makers as would spontaneously keep the peace of the world.

Mr. Beckwith, as the Society's Secretary, made a few explanatory statements, and was followed in pertinent, spirited and eloquent addresses, by Dr. W. Channing, Rufus P. Stebbins, Frederic W. Holland, Charles Spear, and E. S. Gannett. Persons of different views were invited to speak; and fresh interest was given to the meeting by a discussion springing from some forcible remarks of Mr. Adams, of Marblehead, replied to by Messrs. Stebbins, Gannett and Blanchard, but the lateness of the hour would not permit a long continuace of the debate. The resolves were passed, and the meeting dissolved at half past 10 o'clock.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 25, 1843.

THE EVILS OF AN ACRIMONIOUS PARTY SPIRIT.

It is not our business to meddle with party politics, nor do we propose to do so in the present instance. It is our privilege however, and as Christians and patriots it is our duty to allude to moral considerations that should be regarded by both and all parties. We endeavor always to keep ourselves among the *hopeful* and *cheerful*. We would never lose sight of what is bright in our prospects, or cheering in the manifestations of national character and the tendencies of public opinion. We are ready to admit, and rejoice to receive every thing favorable of this kind that can fairly be presented. But we cannot disguise it even from our strong national vanity and natural self-complacency, that there is much of an opposite character that can be urged. Our country bears a strong resemblance to the field described in Scripture, in which the owner sowed good seed, and an enemy came and sowed tares, which were fast springing up to choke the grain. We have great blessings and privileges. No nation has greater or more valuable. Yet we are not a correspondently virtuous, prosperous or happy nation. And why are we not? First and chiefly because of the demon of party spirit. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not so chimerical as to suppose that a community, especially a community of freemen like ours, can exist, without political parties, without differences of opinion with regard to great political doctrines and measures. We have small respect for the man, who pretends to neutrality, to perfect indifference upon these subjects. No good citizen, in our judgment, can be so. It is every man's duty, the duty of every good and enlightened citizen to have, or form his political principles and opinions, his conceptions of what is the true policy of the country, a right and good administration of the Government, and having formed them, it is his duty, not to make a party by himself alone because his individual inferences and opinions cannot all be fully carried out, but to act in concert with those whose views correspond generally with his own, and which, if they prevail, he believes, will tend to promote the common welfare of the whole. Nor do we suppose, that there will not and must not be occasionally considerable party excitement. At least such has always been the case ever since we can remember any thing of the country. It has always been a period of 'wrath, bitterness, evil speaking one of another,' when all parties have heaped unmeasured scurrility and abuse upon their political opponents, and each considered others as traitors and enemies to the country, destitute of integrity, honesty and patriotism.

The evils that flow from the extent to which an acrimonious party spirit prevails in this country are numerous. Their name is legion. One might write a volume in illustrating them.

To mention very briefly only a few. 1st, A want of independence and firmness in political men, in those called to important trusts and offices, where it devolves upon them to make or administer our laws. The importance of these qualities in persons thus entrusted is obvious; that with a few honorable exceptions, there is commonly a great want of these manifested by political men is equally obvious to every one acquainted with the executive or legislative history of the States or the nation. And the reason is the acrimonious, undiscriminating, prejudiced party spirit that prevails among the people. Most political men are afraid to be independent and firm in adhering to what they believe to be right and best, because they are afraid that their acts and votes will not be judged of by their merits; or rather they are almost certain that they will not be so judged. They know that with each party the great question will be what political capital can be made out of them. The consequence is that their attention is directed and their course determined by the political effect of their votes rather than by the wholesome social influence of the measure for or against which they vote, so that there is manifested often a truckling of men in power to popular prejudice, to the ignorance and passions of the multitude, and the standard of political and moral action is continually lowered, and the whole influence of our executive and legislative bodies tends rather to corrupt, undermine and mislead, than to elevate, establish and increase the intelligence and morals of the people. Thus much of the executive and legislative action among us, instead of being based upon the highest standard of public opinion, and aiming to elevate that, it is made to meet the lowest, and often tends to make even that still lower.

2d, The extent to which an acrimonious and prejudiced party spirit continually rages in this country tends to keep out of sight the question of qualification for offices of trust and power. The best partizan leader, the available candidate, takes precedence of the one most competent and best fitted, by his intellectual and moral qualities and training for the office, and as a consequence much of the talent and integrity of the country is politically buried. It seems to be tacitly admitted by all parties, that the people are not sufficiently intelligent, honest, and high principled to choose the best and most competent persons with whom to entrust the management of their high public concerns, and if this be a fact, and to some extent it undoubtedly is a fact, it can be attributed only to the prejudiced acrimonious party spirit that prevails, because in other matters, where party spirit does not operate or influence,—in the management of their individual, or their associated enterprises of business, men do not admit any consideration but competency and qualification to prevail with them. They choose or appoint as their agent the best person they can perceive.

3. But another evil, greater than either of the preceding, greater than any of the many that might be mentioned, and one almost wholly overlooked, another evil is this—an acrimonious party spirit makes a perpetual drain upon the time, energy and resources of the country. It is a vortex sweeping into and swallowing up in its foaming waters every thing else. Through the virulence of political party spirit the public mind is kept in a continual state either of spasm or collapse, and many of the most important objects and enterprises of Christian benevolence among us, are direfully neglected or feebly sustained, because they never can find a time when there is a regular, quiet, healthful action of the public mind at which to present their claims. 'Your object is good, worthy of encouragement and aid; but keep it back for the present, don't attempt to carry it forward or collect money for it just now—wait till this political struggle and contest are over,'—this is the advice often given to the Christian philanthropist, as he is seeking to interest the public mind in some moral and benevolent object; and when the contest is over, a state of exhaustion and lethargy ensues even more unfavorable. So much time, so much energy, so much money have been spent in the political struggle, that it is with difficulty a few can be excited to feel a little interest and give a little money, to objects of more intrinsic importance than all the political struggles that ever convulsed a nation.

These are some of the evils of the virulent party spirit and strife that prevail among us. We have glanced at only a few of them. The whole subject in all its moral as well as civil and social bearings, demands to be fully treated by some master hand. It is fast destroying every thing good in our character as a people, and making us unfruitful under our privileges and opportunities. As far as he has any influence, every Christian and every patriot ought to endeavor to check and restrain it.

For the Register and Observer.

WANT OF SYMPATHY.

It will not do for backsliders to cast the blame of their transgressions upon others. The fault is theirs, and theirs only. Yet we think that oftentimes there is a want of sympathy with the wanderer, which rather pushes him downward in his course, than serves to arrest him. The case of Abner is to the point. Abner was a young man of good genius and of brilliant talents, who entered upon life at College in his eighteenth year with every prospect of distinguishing himself morally and intellectually. For Abner had for sometime been a professed follower of the teachings of Christ. He had renounced the world openly. He had, surrounded by pious and guarding friends, found it comparatively easy to live a holy life. But now were coming scenes and temptations which were to try him sorely. The very talents which would give him intellectual distinction were to aid the tempter in his trial. Abner had failings. He had one great failing. He was the creature of circumstance. Wherever he was, with whatever company he found himself, he made himself at home. His company was sought. He was welcome every where. His great versality made him universally popular.

There were those who looked upon the popularity of Abner with indignation, who admired his virtues because they were compelled so to do. Who secretly wished to be as virtuous and as amiable as Abner, but had not the will to attempt it. 'They wished to enjoy what they dared not seize. They would not take the trouble of climbing yet nevertheless wished themselves aloft.' So they determined to pull Abner down. Not by fair open assault. Oh no. But they were his friends; they courted him, they feasted, they caressed him. And when he gradually suffered himself to be as one of them they were impelled to greater exertions. At least they had completely interwoven and entwined him. He was theirs.

But all this time what a struggle had been going on in Abner's mind! How had he tossed upon his couch by night, and how had his thoughts wandered from his studies by day! He wanted but one thing, and he knew what that one thing was. He could not say *no*. O if I were to compress all the advice of volumes into one single sentence, it should be 'Learn to say no. Learn to say it when the gay and the vicious would allure you from the paths of virtue. Learn to say it when indolence steals over you and prompts the thought that all this wearisome toil is vain. But Abner had not this power, and sought not for it. At first he struggled, but after a few ineffectual, misdirected, prayerless efforts to resist temptation, he went gradually from one bad thing to another.

The Christian friends whose pride and joy Abner had been, looked with pain and anguish of soul upon his course. They sought to counsel him, and he listened. But his actions were the same. He was a rudderless ship: Prayer his only safeguard and hope was almost forgotten by him. At last the friends whom he had so often tried, looked coldly upon him, and Abner was thrown upon his worldly associates for sympathy. Now comes our point. Beset on every side, it was the duty of the Christian to go to him and with brotherly kindness to advise and assist him. But they stood aloof. He is joined to his idols, said they, let him alone. There was no sympathy for him. There was no hope for such a Godless being.

And yet Abner's society was courted by the worldly and the gay. And it seemed that his most poignant sufferings must be caused by the reflection that he who had once found other and nobler enjoyment than the pleasures of this world afford, was doomed to idle and unsatisfying amusement.

But the spirit of God prevailed. The heart of Abner was touched. And while he was communing with his own heart and sighing for sympathy; while he was breaking away from the past, the spirit also moved a holy man to go to him and offer him consolation and hope. As a brand from the burning, was Abner rescued. As one who had been dead, he awoke to newness of life and action. And Abner yet hopes to be saved. Reader do you know any like Abner? ***

For the Register and Observer.

DR. WALKER'S TWELFTH LECTURE.

The arguments and considerations in proof of the soul's immortality naturally divide themselves into two classes; those drawn from the nature and condition of man, and those drawn from the character and government of God. Having examined the former in the last lecture, Dr. W. now passed to a consideration of the second class.

Says Bishop Butler: 'That we are to live hereafter, is just as reconcilable with the scheme of Atheism, and as well to be accounted for by it, as that we are now alive is; and therefore nothing can be more absurd than to argue from that scheme, that there can be no future state.' This is true. There is no necessary connexion between the proposition that there is no God, and that which declares that the soul is annihilated after death. The Atheist may believe that the soul is immortal. If no objection exists in his mind against the existence of the soul in this world without a Creator, then he can easily believe that it will live in another world. It is not less objectionable that it should live again, than that at the beginning it should have lived at all.

The principles of natural religion, especially in respect to the being of a God, to his existence as an Infinitely Powerful and Wise, a Perfectly Just and Good Being, add new force to the argument for a future state. We may argue from the nature of man, that his whole destiny is not accomplished in this life; but how much more confident can we be, when we know that the God who gave that nature, does nothing by halves. Conscience may awaken within us a slumbering presentiment of something to come, but how much greater the assurance, how much stronger our faith, when we regard this presentiment as the voice of God speaking in the depths of the soul.

When we contemplate the actions of an intelligent, free being, we cannot help making a distinction between those actions which are useful, and those which are injurious; and also, between those which are right and those which are wrong. But we do not stop here. When we see a man doing a right action, we cannot help thinking that he deserves esteem and reward, that he ought to be happy. On the other hand, when we see a man performing a wrong action, we cannot help thinking that he deserves blame and ignominy, that he ought to suffer. It matters not with us what befalls these actions, whether vice be triumphant, or virtue be trampled to the dust, we cannot help thinking that these things ought not to be so. All this is but the unfolding of the idea of moral order, the idea that a time will arrive when praise and blame, joy and suffering will be distributed according as they are deserved. What is the government of God, but the realization of this idea of moral order?

We do not suppose God's government to be founded in might alone, or in his will, or in the fact that he made us, and that we are at his mercy. Either supposition must take away from God all title of respect and reverence. No one entertains such an opinion. The government of God must be one of perfect justice, administered by perfect wisdom and goodness. It does not follow that sin and sorrow must be excluded. The very idea of moral government supposes capacities for obedience and disobedience and the consequences of both. Besides, our knowledge is confined to a part only of God's dominion. We shall see the whole, only when we are brought before the great Master and Judge; when we do behold it, we shall notice order and harmony reigning throughout. Does this appear at present in every scene of life? We are constrained to say that it does not. We have no disposition to exaggerate the evils of life, or the particular distress which sometimes prevails. Even with our confined views, we have no doubt that, even in this world, virtue has an immeasurable advantage over vice, even where vice seems to triumph. No doubt if we knew all, we should pronounce that inward satisfaction which a consciousness of doing right gives even to misfortune, to be above all that outward and hollow success which sometimes follows the career of crime. Under a great show of the means of earthly happiness, oftentimes lie hidden an aching heart, a want of self-respect, or that secret gnawing of remorse, which poisons all. Unquestionably virtue has a tendency to good, and vice, a tendency to evil, even in this world.

We see enough to convince us that we now live under the beginning of a righteous and beneficent rule, but the end is not yet. Providence,—if we limit our view of it to this world,—often turns towards us a dark side, which is worse than useless, if we shut our eyes. There are instances of extreme bodily suffering, to which our remarks concerning the uses and compensation of pain will not apply; and which, if this life be the only one, must be regarded as hard and severe, and without compensation. How comes it that the crimes or misfortunes of a single individual often involve others entirely innocent in extreme ruin? How is it that the innocent often suffer more than the guilty inwardly as well as outwardly? 'Did you ever know a bad man to die of a broken heart?' said Dr. W. The good man is not always so very happy in this world, neither is the bad man always so very miserable. The pains of conscience depend as much upon its sensibility, as upon the degree of wrong done to it. This sensibility it is the effect of hardened crime and worldly selfishness to impair, if not destroy, so that the slightest faults of the best men often give more uneasiness than the indulged vices of wicked men. It is much better, in some cases, that a man should be thoroughly wicked than partially so.

But let us not dwell on this point longer, let us look around us, and see how worldly distinctions are distributed. Let us consult the pages of history and witness the sufferings and agonies of men of whom the world was not worthy, and say whether this looks like a realization of our idea of moral order, of God's moral government, of the government which we cannot help expecting from a governor of Infinite power, Infinite wisdom and Infinite goodness. What is there then to throw the shadow of a doubt over the inference which we propose to draw from the fact?

It will be objected perhaps, that we have no right to ascribe a degree of goodness to God, which he does not manifest here. In former lectures, we have seen that our conceptions of the Divine attributes force on us the conviction that he is absolutely Perfect and Infinite. The objection does not conflict with our power of reasoning from God's admitted attributes to what he will do. There are two distinct questions which we must not confound together. We cannot completely recognize the Divine character as to the times and means chosen to effect this end of perfect goodness. The question now is, whether such ends are to be effected at all. If we cannot reason thus far, not Revelation itself can help us out of the difficulty; for here we only receive the promise in faith, and must have faith that God will make His promise good.

One other objection only can be conceived of. Some will say that although pain and suffering are inflicted on some, yet others are gainers thereby, and in such a degree, that the world at least has no right to complain. Here again is a confounding together of entirely different questions. We do not say that the world or any individual has a right to complain of anything. We do not say that the best man who lives, even if he should die a thousand deaths, deserves heaven or merits immortality. What we assert is simply this, that it is not consistent with our conceptions of the moral perfection of God, to allow of a single instance of unrequited wrong. To urge that wrong is in any way turned to profit, only increases the repugnance of an idea of moral order. Can wrong in any degree, or any form, whether expedient or not, be consistent with perfect justice? The conclusion is irresistible, that as perfect justice is not carried out here, it will be carried out hereafter. There is nothing in this world which renders it unfit as a *trial* of virtue, but there is nothing here fit to make it the *reward* of virtue. Nothing in this world renders it unfit as a preparation for a state of retribution, but there is nothing fit to make it retribution itself. This world is not the complete realization of our idea of perfect moral order, but only the beginning of a perfect righteous government. As sure as God is perfectly just and good, so sure it is that the end is not yet, that we shall live again.

Let us bring together both classes of evidences for the soul's immortality, and the whole will read thus: From the nature of man, but part of his destiny is fulfilled in this world. Death dissolves his bodily organization; but regarding the subject in a physiological or psychological point of view, we have no right to suppose that it destroys, impairs or even touches that something in man which he calls himself. That the soul will live hereafter is alone consistent with the realization of our idea of God's character and the Divine government. The only hope to which man's nature aspires, God's nature ensures.

The question has been raised whether natural evidence is sufficient to produce practical conviction of the truth of the doctrine of immortality, or whether that evidence amounts to a demonstration. An essay, supposed to be written by Hume, though found in no edition of his works, begins thus: 'By the mere light of reason alone, it seems difficult to prove the souls' immortality, nor is anything accomplished by the metaphysical, moral or physiological argument. In reality, it is the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, which 'brought immortality to light.'" Many such passages could be quoted from Infidel authors, who, under the mask of a reverence for Revelation, which they do not feel, thus undertake to depreciate the value of the light of reason. These men we perfectly understand. They belong to the corps of sappers and miners in the 'army of the aliens.' They wish to make the argument rest wholly on the settlement of an historical question, which nine tenths of the world must take, if they take it at all, *on trust*. These writers we perfectly understand.

But we do not find it so easy to account for the belief of many, whose piety we cannot doubt, who have come to the conclusion that the doctrine of immortality is a necessary doctrine of Revelation. What do these writers mean? It is a matter of history, that the Jews, with the exception of the Sadducees, a very small sect, believed in a future life, long before the coming of Jesus. Thus in the books of the Maccabees, we find this account of a Jew who was suffering a cruel death by the command of Antiochus: 'And when he was at the the last gasp, he said, Thou like a fury takest us out of this present life, but the King of the world shall raise us up, who have died for his laws, unto everlasting life.' Moreover, this belief was not derived from their sacred books, but from their intercourse with foreign nations. Even in the New Testament, let us read the Sermon on the Mount, or Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the passages most especially expressing the peculiar purpose of the Gospel; and we shall observe that they simply inculcate the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and not, as if it was then mentioned for the first time, or had never been heard of before. Undoubtedly, the inculcation made it plain and certain, it 'brought life and immortality to light,' and rendered the doctrine more expressive to the generality of minds. Undoubtedly there is a view peculiar to Christianity, a view for which we we are wholly and entirely indebted to Revelation. But the simple recognition of a state of existence beyond the grave was as common in Judea then, as it is in Christendom now.

The same remarks will apply to the Pagan world. The mythologies of all pagan nations recognize a future and conscious state of existence. The mythology of the Catholic church was for a long time the prevalent faith of Europe, and even at the present day, constitutes the prevalent religious belief in several countries. In the progress of time, skepticism began to prevail, and wrought the downfall of Paganism. Unfortunately, to this period, we are indebted for nearly all of our histories of paganism. Even in these histories, we read that many philosophers arrived at the conviction, from the light of reason alone, that the soul is immortal. Who can doubt that Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and many other ancient philosophers believed in immortality as confidently as many modern writers?

But it is said that this does not prove anything for two reasons. First: They advanced these opinions not because they knew them to be true, but because they knew that they were useful, and necessary to keep the people in order. Probably it was the case with them as it is with some now, but they did not sincerely believe these truths. Says Lord Brougham in answer to this objection: 'Can anything be more violent than the supposition that those philosophers, for the purpose of deceiving the multitude, delivered opinions not held by themselves, and delivered them in profound philosophical treatises? It is in the Phædo and Timæus (hardly intelligible to the learned) and the Tusculan Questions, and the Somnium Scipionis, in an age when there were hardly any readers beyond the disciples of the several sects, that those *exoteric* matters are supposed to be conveyed for accomplishing the purposes of popular delusion,—not in poems and speeches, read in the Portico, or pronounced in the Forum.'

Secondly: It is urged that there are other passages in the writings of these same philosophers, which intimate doubts of the soul's immortality. But this objection does not amount to much, when we consider that a man's faith is strengthened or weakened by the corresponding state of his mind. Says the writer above mentioned: 'Who questions Dr. Johnson's general belief in Revelation, because in moments of depression, when desiderating some stronger evidence, he was kindly told by a religious friend that he surely had enough, and answered, '*Sir, I would have more.*'

When, therefore it is said that the doctrine of the soul's immortality is a doctrine of revelation and not natural religion, it cannot be said that such men as Cicero and Socrates did not hold the belief, but only that they held it on insufficient grounds.

Another class of writers maintain that it is a doctrine of natural religion alone, and that men's belief in Revelation is held on insufficient grounds. One remark, although it will not reconcile this great discrepancy in men's belief, will help us to explain it. There is a remarkable difference in men's minds. Some, who find little satisfaction in general reasoning, lean almost wholly on facts; while others, who find little satisfaction in facts, lean almost wholly on general reasoning. The former will tell you that general reasoning settles nothing, while the latter declare that historical evidence settles nothing. The former, however honest, can hardly be just towards natural religion; while the latter, however honest, can hardly be just towards revelation. To be just and honest at the same time, a man must be just both to reason and revelation, and this is the course which a wise man is always solicitous to take. Such a man begins by being just to natural religion, and maintains that immortality is a doctrine of natural religion. So strong are the evidences taken together, that he does not hesitate to act on the expectation, as a conscious being, and governs his conduct accordingly. He may believe on the ground of authority alone, which is, perhaps, the more satisfactory course, when all learned men are agreed upon the historical question. Now because one learned man decides in favor of one course, and another learned man in favor of another course, the wise man does not cast aside the evidence within his own soul. There never was a time when men needed more to respect this evidence which God has planted in the nature of man.

But the wise man is not less anxious to do full justice to revelation. He acknowledges that revelation gives more certainty, a better foundation to the doctrine, and renders it of a higher and more solemn import. Dr. W. said that 'in his zeal to defend the teachings of nature, he was not insensible to the bringing in of a better hope.' He then pointed out some of the ways in which the Gospel does this.

In the first place, by simply confirming the doctrine of natural religion, the Gospel is of great value. Granting that the faith of the ancient philosophers in the souls' immortality rested merely on probable evidence, granting our faith in Christianity rests on probable evidence, it gives new confidence to find them confirmed by the Gospel. For a simple illustration, take the following. In our school books, the questions are given with the answers appended; it is not intended that the pupil shall take the answers for granted, but shall work them out for himself. So with natural religion and the Gospel. Questions are raised in our minds concerning the existence of God, His attributes, and the soul's immortality, questions which the mind is capable of working out for itself. What satisfaction arises to the pious and inquiring Christian to look into that Book of all books, and see that his conclusions agree with the answers given there!

Again, the gospel not only gives confirmation of the doctrines of natural religion, but confirmation of a peculiar and satisfactory kind. It not only adds evidence, but evidence of another sort. Reason had done enough before; the Gospel gives well-attested facts. What was satisfactory in theory before, is now proved to be true. 'Strong and entire,' said Dr. W., 'as is my confidence in the natural argument for the immortality of the soul, even in the best state of my mind, it does not give me that constant and practical satisfaction, which I feel in looking into the empty sepulchre with Peter, and hearing the words, 'He is not here, but risen.' The Gospel sheds new light upon the hope.

Religion is a practical thing, not a speculation, but a life. Hungry and faint, the soul does not want the *theory* of bread; it wants the bread itself. It can do without the reasons on which its principles are founded, but it cannot do without the principles themselves. Hence positive religion must rest upon authority. There is nothing in the idea of authority in religion, which conflicts with the respect which we feel, and ought to feel for natural religion. The essential difficulty with natural religion, considered as a rule of life, is, that the principles which it settles for ourselves, can be unsettled at any time. The state of moral evidence depends upon the state of the mind at the time. In the best state of the mind, everything looks clear; in the worst state, everything appears dark. We must have the religion of Christ, of authority, to suit all states of the mind; and we must yield ourselves in all states to its benign sway.

Finally, our faith is made more certain through the perfect character and influence of him, who is its central life and light. By this influence, the Gospel elevates immeasurably our conceptions of His Providence and righteous government in all time and in all worlds. It purifies and cleanses the perceptions of conscience.

Said Dr. W. in conclusion: 'I have now done. Difficulty and obscurity have always rested on many of the subjects, which I have attempted to discuss. Difficulty and obscurity rest on them still. Perhaps these are intended as a part of our trial in this world. Perhaps if we knew more, our virtue would be less. Perhaps if we could see further into the next world, we should be less competent to attend to the duties of this. Let us wait patiently until the revelations of eternity burst upon us, and then 'we shall know, even as we are known.''

T. G.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE A. U. A.

QUINCY, Ill., Nov. 22, 1842.

Rev. Charles Briggs—Dear Sir,—Since I have given you any account of my doings, I have spent one Sunday at Warsaw, where our friends are very desirous of having preaching often. I have also preached at Beverly, one Sunday, in an old, deserted log cabin, which was fitted up with rude seats, and very well filled. It was soon after a box of books and tracts had been received by the Beverlonians from Beverly, Mass. I found that these books and tracts were in general circulation, and read with interest. After our morning service, I was introduced to a gentleman, who told me that I was the first Unitarian preacher he had heard in America. He was formerly a worshipper with a Unitarian Society in Cheshire Co., Eng., and is now a farmer in this vicinity.

I have also visited brother Huntington, at Hillsboro'. Like the Apostles to the Gentiles, he labors with his own hands for his support, and does all he can for his Society. He preaches in a very neat chapel to a respectable audience. For this Chapel, his people are now in debt beyond their ability to pay. Could the burden of this debt be thrown off, the Society would be likely to increase more than it does at present. May not the sympathies of the East be enlisted in their behalf? Brother H. has had many things to discourage him, but he bears up under all his discouragements with a singular devotedness to his work.

As to my own Society, we live in peace and enjoy our worship. We are not increasing in numbers, but I trust we are in Christian knowledge and virtue.

Yours, in love, G. M.

DR. CHANNING.

To the testimonies already given of the exalted estimation in which Dr. Channing was held in England, we add the following relative to his literary claims, from a Sermon by Rev. Robert E. B. Maclellan, Unitarian minister of Bridgeport.

The gentleman (Mr. Maclellan) says the Inquirer, 'has shown the sincerity and warmth of his admiration for Channing, and has honorably connected his name with that of this great man by his disinterested labors in procuring a cheap edition of his collected works, which will very soon extend the pleasure of reading him far and wide through society.'

'Viewed (in what was even his least shining attribute) as a member of the Republic of Letters, his was one of the mightiest minds of the age. His works have been sought with an eagerness, perused with a gladness, and meditated on with a frequency, not only in the land of his nativity, but wherever the English language is spoken, which prove their Author to be one of those on whom Heaven has conferred the inspiration of Genius. He at once stepped to the altitude of a Classic in that tongue which is destined to become universal: the tongue of our own old England; the tongue of half America; the tongue of those who wield power in India; the tongue which is paramount in the newly-discovered continent of the Austral Seas. His fame has been embalmed in a literature second to none in ancient or modern times for beauty, sublimity, pathos, or a lofty utility; a literature enriched and irradiated by the starry names of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspere, Milton, Locke, Newton, Burke, Grattan, Sheridan, and a host of others, who have taken their high station among the World's Immortals. His mere style has a beauty and fascination in it, which at once attracts the admiration of the scholar, and wins the wonder of the illiterate. Nothing is forced, nothing is obscure; but whatever the topic on which he treats, his words cast themselves into sentences, 'with the precision and brilliancy of crystallization.' Yet after all, it is the matter and not the language, it is the sweet and wise spirit, and not its outward habiliments, that most secures our applause; and never more truly could it be said of mortal man, that he has given us 'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.' Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, and said truly, that 'whatever he touched, he adorned;' the same, and even a higher encomium, may be passed on Channing,

for whatever *he* touched he not only adorned, but raised, refined, spiritualized and made divine. Not only do we find in his writings an exquisite felicity of diction, not only do they exhibit the brilliance of imagination, not only are they animated by the fervor of earnest feeling, but they are instinct with a high moral purpose; and a light which could only proceed from heaven gilds every page. Every faculty of our mental constitution is abundantly ministered unto; for to the syllogisms of the Logician, Channing superadded the fancies of the Poet, the passion of the Orator, the love-breathings of the Philanthropist, and the pure aspirations of the Christian. Seldom has Truth been arrayed in fairer vestures, or presented with an air and mien so calculated to win to affection while it awed to obedience. To no works with which I am acquainted might the language of our great Epic Poet form so appropriate a motto:—

'How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.'

FRENCH MISSIONS TO AFRICA.

The Missionaries sent by the Protestant Church, in France, to Southern Africa, have preached the Gospel to 25,000 souls around them, belonging to different tribes. In eight well chosen stations, churches and schools are erected by the side of the pastor's house. The churches unite already many thousand natives, of whom a great number have within a few years been converted to Christ. In the course of the last year, eighty-five adults have been baptized, and 515 others admitted as catechumens. The converts in their turn become missionaries, and thus, round a single station, a hundred villages have been evangelized and abundantly provided with alphabets, reading tablets, gospels, catechisms, tracts, and prayer-books.—*Watchman.*

[From English Papers.]

PROGRESS OF PUSEYISM.—A correspondent of the *Maidstone Gazette* states that at Kildown Church, near Goodhurst, in this county, the following symptoms of Popery are observable:—'The services were read in three different places, part of them with the minister's back to the people; the centre table contains a representation of the Virgin Mary with an infant on her knee perfectly naked; another painted window displays a figure of King Charles the First with the inscription, 'Sanctus Carolus Rex et Martyr,' with a Glory round his head; another of 'Pope Gregory,' dressed in his papal robe, when in the act of bestowing his benediction on the congregation; a sentence from the Apocrypha is also to be seen displayed, and an emblazonment of the Pope's banner, a lamb with the cross and pennon surrounded with rays, and a curious painting in party-colored letters, of words from Scripture bringing out the Popish heresy, but concealing the scriptural doctrine, is over the communion table.'

PUSEYISM IN IRELAND.—Dr. Boyton, at a recent ordination sermon in the Cathedral of Londonderry, broached the doctrines of Puseyism. A great sensation has been produced by him throughout all the North of Ireland.—*True Tablet.*

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

The undersigned, in behalf of the Committee for procuring funds for Domestic Missionary and other purposes, respectfully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions.

From Prince Hawes, Esq., for amount of subscriptions and donations by the Federal Street Congregational Society, $1172 00
From George Callender, Esq., for the Purchase Street Congregational Society, in addition to $49 78, heretofore acknowledged, 11 00
From Hon. C. H. Atherton, Amherst, N. H., donation, 20 00
From Hon. Albert Fearing, for amount of subscription by the Rev. Jas. F. Clarke's Society, worshipping at Amory Hall. 330 00

STEPHEN FAIRBANKS, *Chairman.*

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

The Sixth Lecture of the Course will be delivered next Sunday evening, at the Rev. Mr Gray's Church; services to commence at 6 1-2 o'clock.

OBITUARY.

MRS. ANN W. BRAZER.

Died, in Salem, on Monday, Jan. 30th, Mrs. Ann W., wife of Rev. John Brazer, D. D.

When a beautiful spirit has passed away, it is well, to dwell upon the peculiar excellencies and graces of the departed, that the love of the good and the righteous, may the more deeply be associated in our minds, with the tenderness of friendship. It is too, an alleviation of sorrow, to recall to ourselves and others, the image of what we loved and to refresh our impressions of those qualities, which have deserved our affection.

There is a large circle, who feel the death of Mrs Brazer as a deep affliction; who miss her, in every friendly and social relation; but there is yet another circle, even a numerous one, the suffering and the poor, who, still more, will miss her gentle presence. Wherever sorrow and bereavement, sickness or anxiety made their dwelling, she was ready to enter, not only with words of love and peace, but with kind deeds. No cares of her own, no indisposition tempted her to turn away from mental or bodily suffering in others. Her predominant characteristic was a loving spirit. Her heart was a fountain of tenderness, ready to love all that would be loved, to spend itself, upon all who would receive the rich boon. She possessed, in perfection, that truly feminine virtue, unwearied sympathy; with ready tact she laid her finger so gently upon the wounds, that the sufferer hardly winced beneath her touch. The lonely heart, which had brooded in silence over its sorrows, was drawn forth to confide in her; the ignorant and perplexed who knew not fully their own wants found in her a patient listener, and went away comforted; the occupant of the sick-bed awaited her visit as the daily returning sunshine.

She was eminently a woman of sincerity; frank and guileless, her face was the index of her heart. That bright, beautiful face, glowing with expression, is changed, the speaking eye is closed, the smile, which carried brightness to the wounded spirit, is faded, the cheerful voice is hushed and the spirit has passed away, but her memory cannot pass away. Her own words, not many months before her death, were, 'We are willing to struggle through long lives, that we may inherit eternal life, at last, but that inheritance is granted to the early dead, without the discipline or the struggle.' Hers is now passed, her mission of love and good will is fulfilled. We speak not of her domestic relations, for to the deep affliction of her own family we dare not approach. Let it be sacred even from words of common consolation. It is much to have had so great a blessing to lose. While we dwell upon all that was so lovely in her life, our tears must flow, and we cannot wholly restrain the selfish longing, that she were with us now,—

'With us! we wrong thee by the earthly thought;
Could our fond gaze but follow where thou art,
Well might the glories of this world seem naught
To the one promise given the pure in heart.'

—*Worcester Aegis.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Funeral of Bishop Griswold.—We announced, in our last paper, the death of bishop Griswold. The furneral ceremonies were performed at Trinity Church in Summer Street, on Saturday last. A large number of the clergy of the Episcopal Church were present and took part in the services. The house was crowded with a large audience, anxious to signify their respect for the lamented prelate;—a large number of the clergy of the other christian denominations were also present.

Bishop Eastburn preached an impressive funeral discourse from the text 'For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'—Romans 13—11.

The body of Bishop Griswold was placed after the services, in the vaults beneath the church. It will be removed, we understand, in a few days, to the burial place of his family in Rhode Island.

Death of Judge Thacher.—In the Court, of Common Pleas, on Wednesday morning, S. D. Parker Esq. addressed the Court as follows:—

'May it plense your Honor: The painful duty has devolved on me to communicate to this Court, the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Hon Peter O. Thacher, Judge of the Municipal Court of this city, who died this morning at his residence in Chestnut street. Judge Thacher has been afflicted with acute rheumatism in the right lower limb for some weeks, and was obliged to be lifted up stairs into his court room on Saturday last, when he pronounced sentence on several criminals. On Sunday night he suffered something like paralysis of the right side, and his vital strength gradually diminished from that time.

'This is not the time or place to pronounce the deserved eulogy upon his many and acknowledged merits as a man, a citizen, a Christian, and a Magistrate; but, from a very long practice in the Court over which he has presided with so much ability, I may be allowed, on this occasion, to speak my own indelible conviction, that for learning, integrity, firmness, love of the truth, strict regard to the dictates of conscience and justice, and a merciful administration of the severities of the law, few judges have excelled him.

'Under this afflictive dispensation of Providence, I move your honor that this Court do now adjourn.'

Chief Justice Williams, in acceding to this motion, spoke in a very handsome manner of Judge Thacher, and his great respect for him in his private and public character.

Greenough's Washington.—The Editor of the Boston Evening Bulletin publishes a severe critique on Greenough's statue, in the Rotunda at Washington. He says,—A feeling of complete disappointment was the first effect upon nearly all who saw it, nor has this feeling as yet suffered the slightest decrease. But Mr. Greenough attempts to convince us, in spite of ourselves, that his 'great work' is all that is classical and correct. Has the *Laocoon*, however, to which he refers, or the *Venus*, or the *Apollo*, or the *Torso*, ever needed any elaborate argument to prove *their* beauty? Has the statue of Washington, (in our State House) by Sir Frances Chantrey—ever excited any dissatisfaction in the mind of a single person of taste?

The statue in the Capitol then, must be regarded, firstly, as an anachronism, in the little costume it has—secondly, as an impropriety, in its nudity—and lastly, as an absurdity, in its utterly irreconcileable action and gesture.

Mr Greenough has made a request that the statue be removed to the grounds west of the capitol, and a stone canopy erected over it.

'We hope—says the Bulletin—that Congress will comply with his request, and make an appropriation to remove it—since there is a possible chance of its looking better in its new site—and it will be some relief, at the least, to get it out of the way.'

Northern Soup and Bread Association.—An association for this purpose was formed on Monday evening, by gentlemen from Wards 1, 2, and 3.

A noble spirit was exhibited at the meeting, and between $400 and $500 was subscribed on the spot.

A Soup and Bread Society was formed at Charlestown, last Sunday evening, and funds, to a liberal amount, we learn, have already been raised to carry out its object. The Society commenced 'active operations' on Monday.

Great Rise in Red River, and Loss of Life and Property.—New Orleans papers of the 9th, announce that Red River has risen to an unprecedented height, and that great damage has been the consequence. At Jonesboro', in Texas, about 500 miles above Shreveport, the river was higher than it had ever been known. The entire country from Dooley's Ferry (Ark.) to Jonesboro', was completely overflowed, and the river still rising. The destruction of property has been immense. It is estimated that not less than five or six thousand bales of cotton had been lost, together with almost the entire stock of cattle of the region. We regret to state likewise, that many lives were lost.

The Revolt at St. Domingo.—The correspondent of the Exchange writes from New-York that news had been received at Port au Prince on the 2d inst. from Aux Cayes, that a revolution was about to break out, the Liberal party having taken arms against President Boyer. The consternation was so great at Port au Prince that all business was suspended, and vessels just arrived had not entered at the custom-house, although the law required that they should do so twenty-four hours after arrival. It was hoped that the usual promptness of Boyer would put down the movement without delay.

New Operation for Hernia.—We notice in the last number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal an interesting report of two cases of Hernia, or Rupture, entirely cured by a new and ingenious surgical operation, performed by Dr Heaton, of Tremont Row, in this city. The operation is not painful and is free from danger. A recent Journal from the West, states also that Prof. Jane, of St. Louis, has operated on several important and difficult cases with complete success. His method of operating and that of Dr Heaton, are the same.—*Boston Traveller.*

Another Land Slide at Troy, N. Y.—Harnden's Express from Albany on Saturday evening states than an avalanche of earth, &c. took place at Troy, N. Y. on Friday afternoon, by which fourteen houses were buried. At the last accounts twenty-one persons had been dug out. Fifteen were dead and six badly injured.—*Merchants Exchange Books.*

FROM EUROPE.

The Steamship Acadia arrived at this port on Sunday morning, the 19th inst. She left Liverpool on the 5th instant. London papers of Feb. 4th are received.

The session of Parliament opened on the 3d. The Address of the Queen was by commission. The addresses moved in reply by both Houses were adopted without division. The Marquis of London, in the House of Lords, having found fault with the American treaty, it was vindicated both by the Duke of Wellington, and by Lord Brougham, both of whom complimented Lord Ashburton in high terms. The Duke of Wellington regarded the arrangement with the United States as most satisfactory to the country.' Lord Brougham considered it not only satisfactory but of great importance to the interests of the country, and to the interests of mankind at large.

In the House of Commons, the address was moved by Viscount Courtrey, and he was followed by Messrs Mills and Wood, the latter of whom referred to the American Treaty. Sir Robert Peel replied, and among other remarks said,—

The honorable gentleman referred to the treaty lately including between this country and the U. States, for the regulation of the boundary question between Canada and the State of Maine, and the honorable gentleman said very truly that the possession of a few hundred square miles, more or less, was of little importance compared with the adjustment between the two countries of difficulties of long continuance—difficulties which, if not amicably settled, left little hope for the preservation of peace. I am glad of this frank approval so far of the boundary in question, and I hope I shall be able to show to the house and to the country, that the country is under the greatest obligations to the noble Lord, who had retired from the turmoil of political life, but, influenced by a sense of public duty, left the repose of private life for the single purpose of contributing to the adjustment of this difficult question [hear, hear.] I hope I shall be able to show, if questioned here, as it has been questioned out of the house, that this treaty gives, nevertheless, every necessary security to our North American provinces, though it does not give us all that were justly entitled to expect. But considering the uncertainty that arose from the conviction on both sides of the justice of their respective claims, I do think on the whole, that the partition of the disputed territory, one half to the United States and one half to this country, our military communications having been preserved, the adjustment being on the whole more favorable than that proposed by the King of the Netherlands, and to which at the time we expressed our readiness to agree, and seeing that in 1839 the hostile forces almost came to a conflict on this subject, I say, taking all these things into consideration, I hope I shall be able to show, that we have acted consistently with the honor and interests of the country in ratifying that convention.—In America, as here, there are parties trying to obstruct it [hear, hear]. Mr Webster is taunted in America because he receded from his extreme position when he saw there was no other way of coming to an amicable settlement. Here the treaty is called the Ashburton capitulation, there the Webster capitulation, but I hope the good sense of both countries will recognize the policy of relinquishing extreme pretensions which could not have been maintained without endangering the continuance of peace. No other advantage is to be compared to an amicable settlement between two nations of kindred origin, of kindred language, and of interests as kindred as their origin and language.

In remarking on the right of Search &c. Sir Robert Peel said,—there is nothing more distinct than the right of visit is from the right of search. Search is a belligerent right, and not to be exercised in the time of peace, except when it has been conceded by treaty. The right of search extends not only to the vessel, but to the cargo also. The right of visit is quite distinct from this, though the two are often confounded. The right of search, with respect to American vessels, we entirely and utterly disclaim; nay, more, if we knew that an American vessel were furnished with all the materials requisite for the slave trade—if we knew that the decks were prepared to receive hundreds of human beings, within a space in which life is almost impossible, still we should be bound to let that American vessel pass on. But the right we claim, is to know whether a vessel pretending to be American, and hoisting the American flag, be *bona fide* American [hear, hear.] We claim the right to know whether a grievous wrong has not been offered to the American flag; to know, for instance, whether a Portugese or Brazilian schooner, sailing under the American flag, be really what she seems to be.

* * * * * *

I am surprised the United States should contest this, considering the many small states by which they are surrounded, and how easily their revenue might be injured if it could once be established as a principle that a foreign vessel might become exempt from visitation by hoisting any particular flag. With such a principle recognized, neither the revenue nor the commerce of the United States could be safe for an instant. But I know that the United States do liberally exercise this right in the seas adjacent to their own coast; I know that if a Mexican vessel were to hoist the British flag under suspicious circumstances, the United States would not hesitate to exercise the right of exposing the fraud.

Canada.—Sir Charles Metcalf is appointed Governor General of Canada. It is said that he will leave Liverpool with his suite, in the steam ship Columbia, on the 4th of March.

Assassination in England.—On the 20th of January Edward Drummond Esq., private secretary of Sir Robert Peel, was shot by Daniel McNaughten, as he was passing from the Treasury towards Charing Cross. He lived till the 25th. It is supposed that the assassin mistook Mr Drummond for Sir Robert Peel. Mc Naughten was sent to Newgate to await his trial, on a verdict of Wilful Murder.

The London Inquirer thus alludes to this event:—

'We should be glad indeed to find that the melancholy event is to be attributed to the delusion of insanity, not to private malice, or the detestable spirit which would employ assassination as a political instrument. To know this must even be some consolation to the friends of the deceased, and it would be a great relief to the lovers of their country to find that the pernicious examples which have of late too often occurred, act only on those not under the control of reason, and that, as a nation, we are falsely accused by some of our public organs, of loosing our long-established character of detesting the cowardly villany of assassination.'

Insanity in Wales.—There are in North Wales 664 persons suffering from insanity, who have no provision for their protection or comfort. The Queen and Prince Albert have each given £50 towards a fund for the establishment of an Asylum. The Prince of Wales appears also as a doner of 100 guineas.

Glasgow.—It is publicly stated that 2860 persons in Glasgow are out of employment, and altogether destitute of the means of subsistence.

Income Tax.—Sir Robert Peel's favorite measure, the 'Income Tax,' is much complained of, and strong petitions are in a course of preparation for its repeal. The result of the tax is the discharge of laborers from employment; as Masters feel it to be necessary to lessen the number of their Servants, that thus they may make up for the amount of the tax.

France.—The session of the French Chambers was opened on the 9th of January, by the King in person. The speech was short and pacific in its tone. It states, that the good humor prevailing among the powers, has strengthened the repose of the East, and procured in Syria for the Christian population the establishment of an administration conformable to their religious faith and their wishes.

The report of an address in reply to the King's speech had been debated a long time in the Chamber of Deputies, with great earnestness, and as late as Feb. 1, the question was not decided. On an amendment of no great moment, but which was opposed by ministers, the opposition prevailed on the 31st, by 206 votes against 202. This was not considered indicative of the vote on the main question. It however produced some effect in the stock market, as an unfavorable sympton for the stability of the ministry.

In the discussion in the Chamber of Peers, the 'right of Search' formed the principal point of debate. The question on the Address was decided in favor of Ministers, by 118, to 67.

The London Chronicle says:—

The King (of France) proposes, we learn, to sell Versailles to the state for 18,000,000f., stipulating to employ the money and more than the money, in the completion of the Louvre. This demands a million sterling. This avidity of the King of the French for money, in order to spend it on preserving and completing the public buildings of France, is characteristic and praiseworthy.

Spain.—The Regent arrived at Madrid on the first of January, and was received with enthusiastic welcome. The Cortez had been dissolved, and a new Chamber was ordered to assemble on the 3d of April, for the dispatch of business.

It was generally thought that the pending disagreement between the courts of France and Spain would be satisfactorily arranged.

From the Continent.—The London Times of Jan. 30th says:

We have received by express letters from our correspondents in Syria, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, and Malta.

Our letters from Beyrout are of the 31st ult. They state that the most perfect tranquility prevailed in that neighborhood, and that the results of the adjustment happily obtained by Sir Strafford Channing from the Porte were most satisfactory.

Our correspondence from Alexandria is to the 6th inst. inclusive. It announces the death of Ahmed Fethi Pasha, the Turkish Admiral who delivered up the fleet to Mehemet Ali. His death is stated to have been caused by poison, but by whom administered had not been ascertained. As he was about to return to Constantinople, it was surmised that the Pasha of Egypt was unwilling to have his secrets revealed to the Sultan or his Divan. Mehemet Ali left Cairo on the 26th ult. for Upper Egypt.

Distressing gales were felt on the coast of England, on the 12th and 13th of January. We take the following accounts from Charles Wilmer's (Liverpool) New Letter.

The Boston steamer Brittannia, Captain Hewitt, was overtaken by the gale when about 500 miles to the westward. This noble and well tried vessel encountered it bravely. Upwards of seventy fishing-boats, with all hands, were lost off Galway Bay, and the distress which this calamity has inflicted on the population of the place is truly melancholy. The vicinity of the catastrophe which has left families destitute is described as one wide scene of mourning. The steamer Monk was lost in Carnarvon Bay, and more than thirty souls perished. A magnificent ship, the Conqueror, of 800 tons burthen, on her voyage from Calcutta to London, was wrecked off the coast of Boulogne; of the eighty persons on board her, all, with the exception of a boy, perished. The mishap (the third which has happened to Indiamen in the course of 18 months) is attributed to the faintness and inadequacy of the light exhibited off the coast. The Jessie Logan, 1000 tons burthen, from India to Liverpool, after encountering fearful hardships in the channel, was totally lost off the Cornish coast. The captain and crew were saved by the Lynx, which conveyed them safely into Cork. The Percy steamer, from Tynemouth to London, was totally wrecked in the gale, off Tynemouth. All the crew with the exception of a boy, saved themselves by swimming ashore. The American packet ship Samarang, was, on the same fatal night, wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. The crew with great exertion saved themselves. The vessel has totally disappeared. These are a few, and but a few of the incidents of the hurricane. But this circumstance we must not omit to state, that in the opinion of well informed men, the tale of the direful mischief which this visitation has caused, when it shall be accurately known, will prove to be the most fearful and melancholy ever narrated. The intelligence of every day's post does but swell the list of its calamites.

CORRECTION.

Salem, Feb. 23d, 1843.

Messrs. Editors,—In your paper of the 18th inst, in giving an account of the Installation at Danvers, of the Rev. A. Bigelow, you state that 'a dinner was provided by the generous hospitality of Gen. Wm. Sutton.' This is an error, which justice to the generous liberality of all the members of the Society who provided the entertainment requires me to correct. My presiding on that occasion, was probably the origin of the mistake.

I am respectfully, your ob't servant,
W. SUTTON.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 16, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Lewis B. Thrasher, to Miss Hannah F. Davis.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. J. T. Sargent, Mr. John Ross, to Miss Adeline Jackson.

Feb. 19, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop, Mr. Augustus R. Lyon, to Miss Sophronia E. Hill.

In this city, Feb. 21, by Rev. Mr. Towne, Mr. Dexter Peabody, to Miss Martha Jane Tarbox.

In Roxbury, Mr. Charles Blake, of the firm of Kitridge & Blake, of this city, to Miss Maria Catherine Barnes, of R.

In South Woodstock, Ct. Feb. 6, Mr. Atherton T. Penniman, formerly of Braintee, Mass, to Mrs. Martha Ann Phelps, of Uxbridge.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday evening, Mrs. Nancy Lovell. 39, wife of Rev. Stephen Lovell, and daughter of Freeman Sherman, of Nantucket.

In this city, suddenly, Hon. Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, Judge of the Municipal Court, for Suffolk County.

17th inst. Mr Nathaniel Ellis, 63, formerly of Roxbury.

In Milton, Feb 11th, widow Eunice Thayer, 70.

In Milton, on the 9th inst, Mrs Esther, widow of the late Mr Timothy Tucker, 82.

In Brunswick, Me., David Dunlap, Esq. 65. He represented the town several years in the Legislature of Massachusetts before the separation, and also in the Legislature of Maine.

In New York city, 13th inst, of the confluent small pox, Jacob Walton, Jr., third son of Rear Admiral Walton, U. S. M., Navy, in his 22d year.

In New York, Feb. 5th, after a short and painful illness, just at the close of his 28th year, John C. Goddard, Esq., son of Mr Hezekiah Goddard, of New London, Ct., a member of the New York Bar.

PERIODICALS FOR MARCH—Graham's Lady's Book; Lady's World of Fashion; The Artist and Sargent's Magazine, with all the Magazines of the day, at reduced rates, to subscribers and dealers, at the General Periodical Depo, 67 and 71 Washington st. WILDER & CO. f25

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Also just received, the Christian Observer, (reprint,) Monthly, at $2 00. feb 11

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Many dark and dismal hours
I have passed in musings sad;
O'er my head a tempest lowers,
Fraught with terrors to the bad.
Overwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I in vain attempt to pray;
God ne'er lends a list'ning ear,
Nor regards what sinners say.
O what sorrows weigh me down,
Keen remorse and bitter anguish,
Lest I meet thy with'ring frown,
Whilst in bondage here I languish.
How I long to break the chain,
That has bowed me to the dust,
But my efforts all are vain,
To o'ercome each sinful lust.
Father, hear my humble prayer,
That I may no more offend,
Let me in thy favor share,
Teach me, Lord, to know my end.
O how happy I should feel,
Could I know my sins forgiven,
I should then engage with zeal,
In preparing souls for heaven.
But to me this boon's denied,
Life is hast'ning to its close;
Time will soon with rapid stride
End my trials, toils and woes.
What a sad and dreary waste
Sin has made this beauteous earth,
Since she dared the fruit to taste,
Eve, from whom we had our birth.
Had the tempter sought in vain
Our first parents to beguile,
Sin would ne'er have proved our bane—
Earth, like heaven, would wear a smile.
O what sufferings sin has brought
On the race of men below!
'Tis a solemn, mournful thought—
Sinners' lives are lives of wo.
How their wretched days they spend!
Friendless, hopeless, all-forlorn,
Thoughtless of their latter end,
Wishing they had ne'er been born.
Like the troubled sea they seem,
When its ragings cannot cease;
Life to them is all a dream,
To the wicked there's no peace.
Guilty sinners fear and tremble,
On a bed of thorns they lie;
Damn'd spirits they resemble,
Doomed to live, afraid to die.
Furies haunt them day and night,
Conscience keeps their doom in view;
Fiends their guilty souls affright,
Terrors all their steps pursue.
In a land where sin bears sway,
Like the cities of the plain,
All is darkness, doubt, dismay,
Man exists, but lives in vain.
Sadness broods on all around,
Drear and gloomy is the scene,
Men of violence abound,
Stalking forth with haughty mien.
No one careth for another,
Love to God and man has fled,
Each is angry with his brother,
Plotting vengeance on his head.
Malice reigns in every breast,
Brutal force cries out for blood,
Meekness seems by none possessed,
Sin rolls on its mighty flood,
Murder, rapine, rage prevail,
Blasphemy and lust obscene:
Honesty and justice fail,
Sanctity with look serene.
Avarice with narrow soul,
Treasures up its hoards of wealth,
Luxury without control
By excess enfeebles health.
Horrid cursings rend the air,
Wantonness offends the sight,
Drunkenness with vacant stare,
Breaks the stillness of the night.
Life itself is insecure,
Ruffians lurk in ambush round,
Heedless victims to allure,
Eager to inflict the wound.
All their thoughts to earth are given,
God is not enthroned within,
Sensual joys compose their heaven,
Men are changed to brutes by sin.
Hear, ye sinners, while you may,
Hear what Christ, the Savior, said;
Let there be no more delay,
Lest ye slumber with the dead.
By the Father I was sent
From the realms of bliss above,
To exhort you to repent,
That ye might enjoy his love.
Lowly born and in a manger,
Thus did I my life begin;
Unto you I came a stranger,
And ye would not take me in.
I was naked too, and poor,
Had not where to lay my head;
Then I sought your palace door,
But was neither clothed nor fed.
I was sick, and made complaint,
Prison walls enclosed me round;
I was hungry, thirsty, faint,
But no help from you I found.
Whited sepulchres ye are,
Full of rottenness and death;
Though your outside seem so fair,
Foul pollution taints your breath.
Hypocrites, with solemn air
Praying, fasting to be seen;
God rejects your sinful prayer,
He beholds your hearts unclean.
Mere professors, loud and vain,
Proud, deceitful, empty, hollow;
At the smallest gnat ye'd strain,
But a camel whole would swallow.
Haste, depart, I know you not;
In the fire for devils prepared,
You shall have your part and lot,
For with them you long have shared.

Waltham, Feb. 25, 1843. C. F.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Religious Souvenir.]

THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

There are few things which afford a more pleasing subject for contemplation to the living mind, than the superintending care that is exhibited by our Heavenly Parent towards his creatures; and to mark his overruling hand ordering all events, even those which at the time of their occurrence appeared so trivial as scarcely to be noticed, so as to carry into execution the schemes which his infinite wisdom and love had devised, is one of the most delightful and profitable employments in which a Christian can be engaged. Who that has accustomed himself thus to reflect upon his past life has not often been lost in adoring wonder, that the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, should deign to interest himself in the concerns of such beings as we are? Truly God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts.

'He rolls the planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lowly tears.'

Nothing that affects the happiness and welfare of his children is too trivial for him to notice, but perhaps towards none is his Fatherly protection more strikingly shown than the helpless orphan.

There can scarcely be imagined a greater trial to faith, than that which is experienced by the father of a family on his death-bed, when he knows he must leave his beloved ones destitute of all human means of support, excepting such as they may obtain from the cold charity of the world; and, at such an hour, how inexpressible will be his relief, if he can cleave, in full assurance of faith, to that precious promise of Him who has declared himself, 'the God of the fatherless:'—'Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' Perhaps some fond parent whose heart has often sunk within him while contemplating the possibility of such an event in his own case, may be encouraged to cast all such cares upon his Creator, by reading the following simple narrative of facts which have fallen under my own observation.

In the spring of 1822, I was travelling in the western part of Georgia, through a tract of country which was then almost a wilderness, having been recently purchased from the Cherokees, and in which no traces of civilization met my eye, excepting here and there a log hut of rude construction. To the lovers of bold and romantic scenery the ride would have been highly interesting. On one side was to be seen the Stone Mountain, rising in majestic grandeur from what was comparatively a plain, and throwing its dark shadow over the surrounding forest; and on the other, the beautiful Charahoochee flowing silently along through a rich and uncultivated valley, to mingle its waters with other noble streams. The pleasure I should otherwise have enjoyed was, however, considerably marred by the extreme difficulty I found in ascertaining the road: for being unaccustomed to follow a 'blazed way' or an Italian trail, I was frequently bewildered in the mazes of the forest; and as the cabins of the settlers were few and far between, I frequently experienced the most anxious solicitude lest the canopy of heaven might be my only covering for the night.

At the close of a fatiguing day on which I had made but little progress in my journey, I reached a log house, the occupants of which, judging from its external appearance, seemed to be of a rather more elevated rank in society than the ordinary class of settlers, as it contained *two* rooms, and could boast besides of a small portico in front, though the covering of this little appendage to the establishment was formed only of the 'limbs of pine with bark unshorn.' Here I requested to be allowed to pass the night, and was happy to find in the manners and conversation of the inmates of this small dwelling, those marks of refinement which one rarely meets with on the borders of a new country.

I was so much pleased with this little sunny spot, as to be easily induced to spend a few days in surveying more leisurely the beauties of the surrounding scenery. At this period of the year the brilliant verdure that covered this wild and luxuriant valley, was studded with flowers of every form and hue. Near the house some glimpses might be obtained of a transparent stream which occasionally showed itself among the trees, and then glided away to hide its clear waters in the density of a cane brake.

In this romantic dwelling I first became acquainted with Caroline—an orphan, residing in the family of my host, who interested my feelings deeply, even before I learned any thing of her eventful history. Her lovely and expressive countenance, seemed the index of a heart overflowing with the finest feelings of which human nature is susceptible, while a pensiveness in her manner, which in spite of all her efforts to subdue it, at times amounted to melancholy showed that some secret sorrow was preying upon her.

On inquiry I found that nothing was known of the history of her early childhood, excepting what she could indistinctly recollect. The tender and devoted care of her parents had left an impression which nothing had been able to obliterate, and she remembered also that a brother who was older than herself, and an infant sister shared with her their affection and caresses.

But a dark cloud blasted these fair prospects, and though most of the particulars had faded from her recollection, she had not forgotten the death of her sister, who was soon followed to the tomb by her heart-stricken mother. Her brother was removed by an uncle to a foreign land, but the place of his residence was entirely unknown to her. She retained a confused idea that her father married a second time; that he removed from the scenes of her infancy, and lost a large amount of property,—then became a soldier, and after being confined a short time to a bed of suffering, ended his life in the city of Savannah, leaving her his blessing which was all he had to bestow.

Even at her early age she was not long in becoming sensible of the loss she had sustained by the death of her fond parent; for the watchful tenderness to which she had hitherto been accustomed was now exchanged for the cold attentions of her step-mother; and even these were soon withdrawn, for before she had completed her seventh year, she became an inmate in the orphan asylum of Savannah, though in what manner is unknown to her.

But though so many sorrows had been permitted to overtake this fair blossom before she had scarcely passed the period of infancy, she was not forgotten by her Heavenly Father, who appeared to take her under His more immediate care, when her earthly protectors were removed or had forsaken her. In this charitable institution she received her first religious impressions from the benevolent female under whose superintendence she was placed; and by the blessing of God they were not permitted to pass away as the impressions of childhood so frequently do, but the instructions she received, served as a lamp to her feet and a light to her path, which was still destined to be a thorny one.

It was in the Sunday School which she then attended that the most important part of her religious knowledge was probably acquired, and she acknowledges with heartfelt gratitude the blessings she derived from it; for here those habits were formed which proved of such immense consequence in regard both to her temporal and eternal welfare; and in all the temptations to which she was exposed, she continually recurred to the Sunday School as the polar star that was to point out the path of duty.

After remaining for two years in the Asylum, she left it to reside with a widow lady, in whose house she at first found a happy home; but the lady made an unfortunate marriage, which produced such an unpleasant change in many of her domestic arrangements, that Caroline was unable to remain any longer under her roof, and in consequence was again thrown upon the world. But God was still mindful of his child, and raised her up a kind and affectionate friend, who received her into his family and treated her with almost parental tenderness. Yet, even here she was unhappy, for the sense of her lonely and dependant situation, in itself sufficiently painful to a sensitive mind, was sometimes aggravated by circumstances calculated deeply to wound her feelings.

At this time a son of her kind host was about to remove to an unsettled part of Georgia, and as his lady was anxious for a female companion, Caroline was invited to accompany them. Though very averse to leaving the pleasures of cultivated society, and all that she held most dear on earth, yet she felt a delicacy in expressing any reluctance to gratify the wishes of those who had treated her with so much hospitality. She therefore silently acquiesced in what could not well be avoided, and a journey of a few days, brought them to this sequestered spot, where in the silence and solitude of the forest full leisure was afforded for melancholy reflections. She often in fancy wandered over distant regions in search of her brother, and sometimes pictured him as successful in life and surrounded by friends, while all remembrance of her was obliterated, and again she would imagine him seeking his long lost sister, without any probability that he would ever discover her in the deep recesses of this wild retreat.

I left her full of the idea of finding her brother, and already in anticipation I enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the two orphans tasting what was to them almost an unknown happiness,—the tender and delightful intercourse of brother and sister. I adopted every plan and pursued every scheme by which there seemed a probability of accomplishing my object but in vain. I could find no clue by which to trace out the brother,—the connecting link of their history was broken.

Eight years passed away, and in the course of business I again found myself on the frontiers of Georgia near the village of L———. Fatigued with travelling, and my spirits nearly exhausted by a long journey, there was a strong disposition to melancholy pervading my mind when the solemn sound of a tolling bell struck my ear. It chimed in with my feelings, for it told of some one who had recently left this busy world, for the untried scenes of another. It was not long before the mournful procession was seen to issue from one of the streets of the village, and approach a small but neat Church which stood near. At no great distance I discerned a recently opened grave, and the sable coffin was followed by those who not only wore the habiliments of wo, but felt that sorrow of heart of which these external marks are but the emblems.

The burial service of the Episcopal Church always produces a soothing and pleasurable effect upon my mind, for though it throws around me a feeling of melancholy, yet my thoughts are irresistibly carried forward to the morning of the resurrection, and while contemplating that glorious event, a ray of divine light seems to break forth and dispel the gloom which is apt to oppress us while witnessing these impressive evidences of our mortality. To stand by the awful tomb,—to see the earthly part of a fellow being committed to the ground—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'—and to reflect that there it must rest until the last trump of the archangel shall sound,—is enough, one would suppose, to impart a feeling of solemnity to the most trifling mind; and no doubt it would always have this effect, were not sedulous pains taken to banish all such ideas as unwished-for intruders on present happiness.

Though a stranger and not personally interested for those around me, I felt that this was common ground, where all, whether strangers or friends, might meet and weep together. This was not the grave of one, the years of whose pilgrimage had been many, nor of one cut off in the meridian of life; no,—'it was but a babe,' but short as its race had been, it had time to entwine itself closely around the heart of a tender mother. Now that it was torn from her embrace and about to be laid in the silent tomb, busy, meddling memory was dwelling upon all its winning smiles and infantine charms, until the full heart was ready to burst with anguish. But when the little coffin was laid in its resting place and the sound of the first rude dust that was flung upon it echoed upon the mother's ear, announcing that the moment of final separation was come; then the tide of sorrow could no longer be suppressed. Even changed as it was, from the highly excited state of her feelings, I recognized in the accents of wo, the voice of Caroline, for it was she who now hung over the grave of her infant daughter.

I afterwards learned that this 'flower of the forest' which I once thought was 'born to blush unseen' had been, at the early age of fifteen, transplanted from the wilderness to the town; that she had there been thrown into the society of a gentleman, who, attracted by her beauty, and the engaging qualities of mind and heart, which she possessed in so eminent a degree, had become warmly attached to her, and had succeeded in winning the affections of the young orphan. She became the happy mother of three lovely children, and the world at length seemed bright before her, when 'He who knew what human hearts would prove' and that a life of prosperity is often fatal to the best interests of his creatures, called for a cloud to darken her path and make her feel that this was not the place of her rest. Her child had perhaps become her idol, and afflictive as was the dispensation that removed it from her, what was it in comparison to having that sentence pronounced by the voice of the Almighty—'He is joined to his idols, let him alone.'

I learned, also, that all attempts to discover her brother had been fruitless, and having now been separate fifteen years, she had relinquished all hopes of ever meeting him on this side of the grave.

In the summer of 1831, I was travelling amid the beautiful scenery of New England, and happened to be in the flourishing village of W—— on the fourth of July—that day on which every American is buoyant with the animating recollections of past scenes; and indulging bright anticipations for the future. While gazing on the military display, and the throngs of persons of all descriptions that were rolling on to witness the brilliant ceremonies of the day, I was surprised to meet with a smile of recognition from a lady in one of the carriages, and the next moment I grasped the hand of Caroline.

There was something bright and joyous in her laughing eye, that told me she had some agreeable intelligence to impart, ere her lips had uttered one word. How different was this from our last interview, when I saw her a heart-broken mother, clad in the habiliments of sorrow; and difficult indeed was it to realize that this was the same being I had seen in such friendless seclusion on the banks of the Charahoochee. 'I have found my brother,' she exclaimed, before I had time to make a single inquiry: 'after so many years of painful separation. God has restored me the kindest, the best of brothers.' Tears of joy and thankfulness filled her eyes, and I have seldom experienced a greater gratification than at that moment, when I saw her in whose welfare I had been so deeply interested, happy in the possession of what for years had been the object of her most anxious hopes.

After the first burst of feeling had passed away, she gave me a brief narrative of the events that had transpired since I last saw her. 'You remember,' she said, 'the painful dispensation which filled our little family circle with grief. The trial was severe, and as I had not yet learned to bow my head in submission to that of my heavenly Father, a gloomy despondency stole over me. In this distressing state of mind, my thoughts were often fixed upon my absent brother, and the idea was frequently suggested, that possibly he was yet alive, and seeking for his lost sister. The tender sympathy of my husband induced him to make another attempt to discover the wanderer, and though we scarcely dared to indulge the faintest hope of success, a notice was sent to the editor of one of the commercial papers, in the idea that by some providential circumstance it might possibly reach my brother's eye, though we were entirely ignorant in what part of the world he might be, even if he were yet alive. During the first few weeks that followed the publication of this notice, my mind was harrassed by a thousand vague conjectures, for sometimes it occurred to me, that if I were to find him, he might be in such circumstances as to make me regret I had ever known of his existence; sunk, perhaps, in guilt and infamy. But I was not doomed to remain much longer in suspense, for in a short time a letter was placed in my hand written by *my brother*, and breathing the most ardent affection; never again can I experience what I felt at that moment, for it was a sensation as ne as it was overwhelming.

'He informed me of his prosperous situation, and assured me, if I was not already provided for, I should find an asylum with him. My drooping spirits revived and I indulged in the most delightful anticipations of the happiness that was in store for me. The journey to New England, where my brother resided, was too arduous an undertaking for me to attempt in the depth of winter, and he was so situated he could not come to me. You can readily imagine that the months rolled heavily until the spring was sufficiently advanced for us to undertake a sea-voyage with safety. We sailed at an auspicious season, and favorable gales soon conveyed me to my brother. Now that he is restored to me, my cup does indeed overflow with blessings.'

She subsequently gave me some of the particulars of her brother's history, which had been equally eventful with her own. The uncle with whom he resided on first leaving his father's house, was in prosperous circumstances, and having no family, he adopted his nephew as his own son. But by a series of misfortunes he lost his whole property, and the poor boy was cast upon the world, with no resources but his own talents and industry, when he was only ten years of age. But the same Being who watched over the sister was not unmindful of the brother's welfare; he was mercifully preserved from those sins into which a young man, unrestrained by parental authority, is so apt to fall; and arrived at manhood with an unblemished character,—in profession at least, if not in heart, a disciple of Jesus, and by the blessing of God on his endeavors, in the enjoyment of all the comforts of life. His entire ignorance of his sister's fate, had caused him a great deal of anxiety, but after several unavailing attempts to ascertain what had become of her, he had been induced to believe she had perished in that city which had proved so fatal to the rest of his family.

The interesting Caroline is still an inhabitant of the lovely village of L——in the State of Georgia, where in her own happy little circle, she enjoys perhaps as much true felicity as is often bestowed upon a mortal. Having long been accustomed to look up to God as the source of all her mercies, she delights in teaching her children to 'trace up every stream of earthly comfort to the fountain of Eternal Good.' She has known enough of the sorrows of life to teach her to weep with those who weep, as well as to rejoice with those that rejoice; so that in her all can find a sympathizing friend.

Is any patient and suffering follower of the Savior tempted almost above what he is able to bear, by doubts as to the watchful care of his Heavenly Parent, and his ability to conduct him in safety through the difficulties that encompass him? Let him remember Caroline; for again I will assure my readers that this little story is no production of the imagination, but a faithful recital of the dealings of God with a friendless orphan.

A. C.

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